Which Casket twas I choſe. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
To woe a maide in way of marriage:
Laſtly, if I do faile in fortune of my choiſe,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe iniunctions euery one doth ſweare,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.
Arr. And ſo haue I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: Gold, Siluer, and baſe Lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
VVhat ſayes the golden Cheſt? ha, let me ſee,
VVho chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
VVhat many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow:
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
VVhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not iumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
VVhy then to thee thou Siluer treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more what title thou doſt beare:
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
VVithout the ſtampe of merit, let none preſume
To weare an vndeſerued dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
VVere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honor
VVere purchac'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then ſhould couer, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honor? And how much honor,

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